

List and learn



They, alas, are only two



For the merriest fellows are we







Poveri gondolieri



My papa he keeps three horses



To the altar hurry we



And His Grace's private drum



They will never, never, never cross the sea again



That's so like a band!



Ah, well=beloved!



But owing, I'm much disposed to fear, to his terrible taste for tippling



Take life as it comes!



Every sound becomes a song



Kind sir, you cannot have the heart



Do not give way to this uncalled-for grief



No half and half affair



Farewell, my love – on board you must be getting



Of happiness the very pith



Two kings of undue pride bereft



Take my counsel, happy man



Though obedience is strong, curiosity's stronger



Existence was slow, and we wanted variety

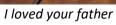


To the pretty pitter-pitter-patter



And, dear me, a common little drummer-boy







They're highly delighted



That's, if anything, too unbending